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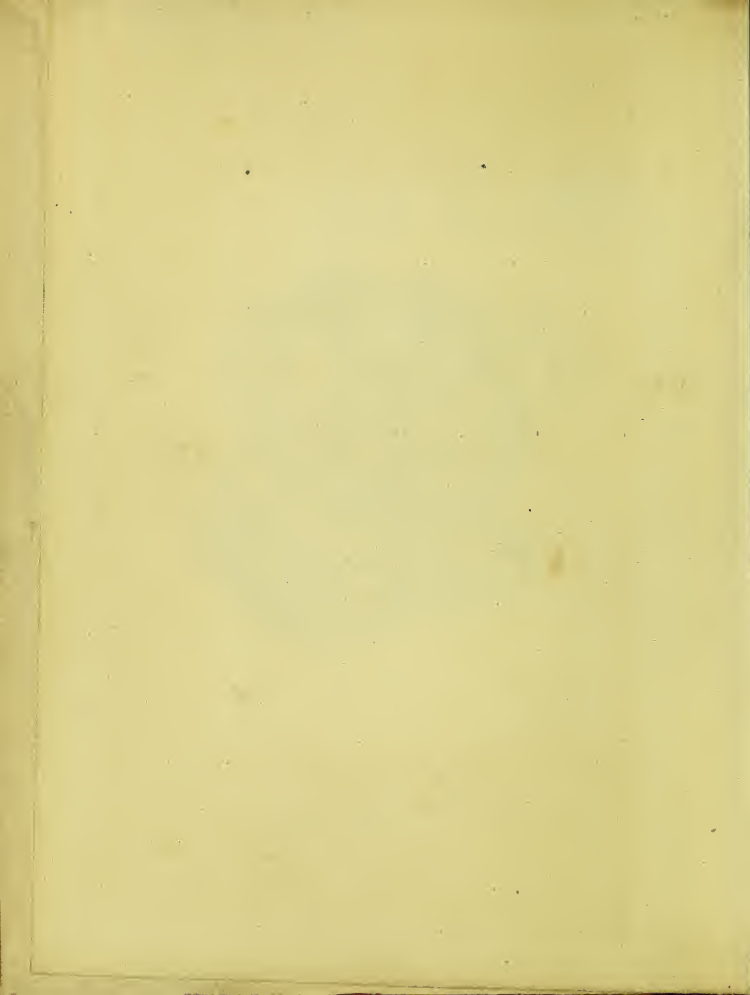
WRIGHT (THOMAS)

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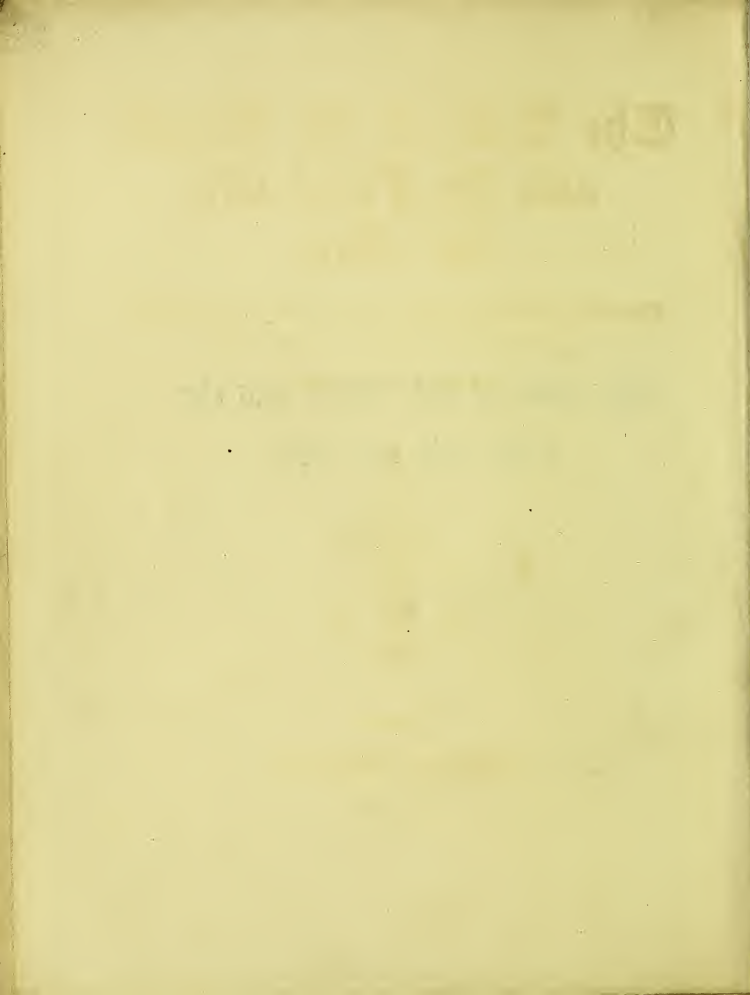
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The Tale of the Basyn and the  
Frere and the Boy



# The Tale of the Basyne and the Frere and the Boy

Two Early Tales of Magic Printed from Manuscripts  
preserved in the Public Library of the  
University of Cambridge



London  
William Pickering  
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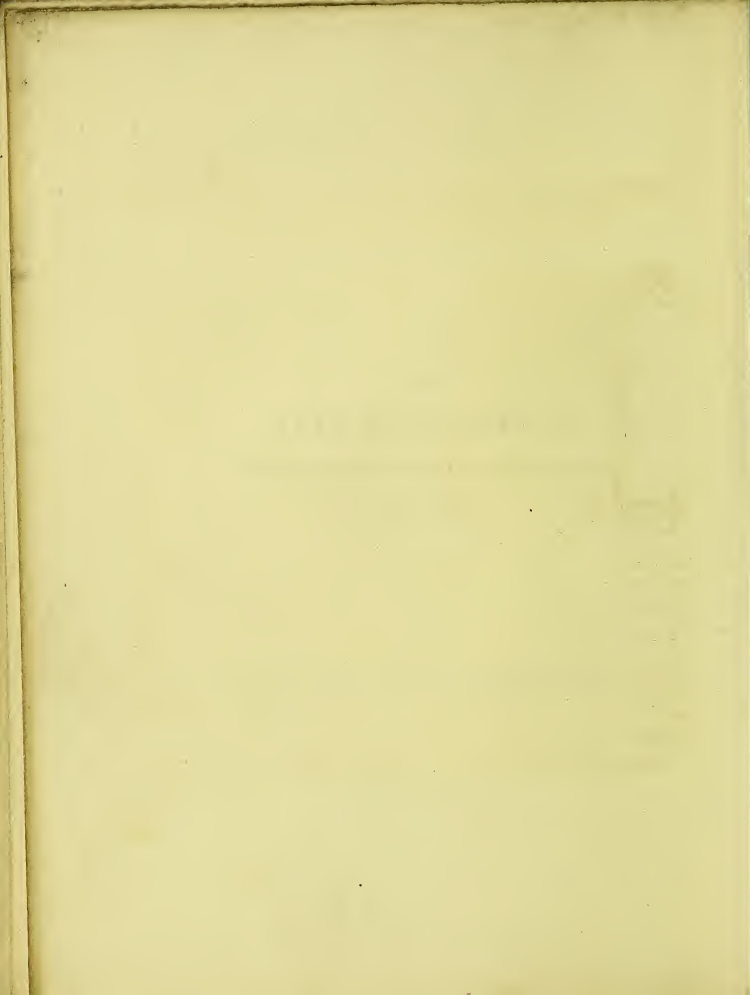
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C. WHITTINGHAM, TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

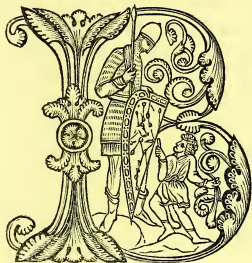




TO  
M. FERDINAND WOLF,  
OF VIENNA, AS A TOKEN OF SINCERE REGARD  
AND ESTEEM.



PREFACE TO THE TALES OF A BASIN, AND  
OF THE FRIAR AND THE BOY.



OTH the following poems have already appeared in print, in different modern collections, although in the one case not from the manuscript which I have followed. Our earlier ballads and stories illustrative of the popular superstitions and mythology are however scarce, and, when we meet with them, are worthy of preservation. I am sure, therefore, that no excuse will be necessary for printing, in preference to many other curious poems, two of the most generally popular of our tales of magic and enchantment in the earliest forms that we at present know. They have both been published in different shapes up to a very recent period, and one is found, with little variation, among the national stories of many different peoples.

Among the old stories and miracles of the monks,

there is no more common method of detecting and sometimes punishing crimes, than by fixing the offenders to the object of their crime, or to the place or thing which has witnessed it. The stories of the monks were sometimes the types of those of the peasantry, but they were, probably, still more commonly taken from them, and the similarity between earlier saints' legends and later popular tales, may, in very many cases, be taken as a proof of the antiquity of the latter. In the preface to the *Tournament of Tottenham* I have stated my reasons for believing the manuscript which contains the *Tale of a Basin*, as well as that ballad, to have been written in the earlier half of the fourteenth century. The story again makes its appearance, with some little variation, among the broadside ballads which were so common during the sixteenth and particularly the seventeenth centuries. In the catalogue of a collection of ballads which was in the possession of the late Mr. Heber, I find the following title—"The Lancashire Cuckold, or the Country Parish Clark betrayed by a Conjurer's enchanted Chamber Pot, *printed for J. Blare.*" This gives us good reason for believing that the story had not lost its popularity from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century. It occurs again in a common chap-book, "The History of Jack Horner, containing the Witty Pranks he played from his Youth to his Riper

Years, being pleasant for Winter Evenings," of which the earliest copy I have seen is one of the Aldermary Church-yard books. It there forms chapter vi. "Jack's kindness to the Inn-keeper, whom he puts in a way to pay his debts." By this time the sect who were the object of popular slander was greatly changed, and the person of the monk is replaced by that of a Quaker. It must be premised that our hero (Jack) had obtained a pipe like that with which the Jack of our second ballad tormented the friar, and in a similar manner, and also a coat of invisibility, the substitute for the German tarn-kappe. The inn-keeper, of whose wife the rich Quaker was amorous, is in distress, and unable to obtain two hundred pounds, which he is bound to pay on a certain day. Jack comforts him, and promises to aid him :—

"Mount thy bay nag, and take thy cloak  
 With thy warm morning gown,  
 And lodge within a hollow oak,  
 A mile or two from town.  
 There you may sleep in sweet content  
 All night, and take your rest,  
 Then leave it to my management,  
 And, sir, a pleasant jest  
 Next morning there you shall behold,  
 The like ne'er seen before,  
 Which shall produce a sum of gold,  
 Nay likewise silver store."

The inn-keeper follows his counsel, and Jack, by means of his invisible coat, introduces himself into the house, and witnesses the feasting and familiarity of the Quaker and the hostess. In the night both, with their maid also, are fixed to the chamber pot, and Jack, by means of his magical pipe, leads them dancing through the town to the tree where the inn-keeper is concealed, who comes from his hiding place, menaces the Quaker with the same punishment as is threatened to the monk in the older ballad, and only lets him go on the payment of the two hundred pound of which he has need. The specimen we have given is sufficient to show the wretched doggerel for which the older spirited rhymes have been exchanged.

I ought to add that the *Tale of a Basin* has been printed by Mr. Hartshorne, in his *Early Metrical Tales*, but with its full share of the blunders by which that book is disfigured and rendered worse than useless. It had been previously printed by Jameson, with about equal accuracy.

The other tale I have printed, that of the Friar and the Boy, has been still more generally popular. The manuscript which contains our copy is proved by internal evidence to have been written during the reign of Henry VI., and not, as Ritson states, in that of Henry VII. Its shelf mark, in the Public Library of

the University of Cambridge, is Ee. 4, 35, and, on account of the curious dialect in which it is written, the whole of its contents deserve to be published. Besides our tale, it contains a curious ballad of Robin Hood, which has been printed by Ritson, another copy of the ballad which Hartshorne has printed from the MS. of the same collection, Ff. 5, 48, under the title of "A Tale of a Father and his Son," and the ballad of "The King and the Barker," printed by Ritson in his *Ancient Popular Poetry*.

There was a copy of the ballad of the Friar and the Boy, in the Cotton MS. Vitellius D. xii. which was unfortunately one of those that perished in the fire. As that manuscript, from its contents, was evidently written by no illiterate scribe, we should probably have had there a more correct copy than the one now printed. But Ritson was wrong in supposing it to be the "most ancient copy of all," for if he had cast his eyes over the other articles in the vol. (see Smith's Catalogue), he would have seen that it could not have been written earlier than the latter end of the reign of Edward IV., and that it might have been written later, so that we are not sure that it might not have been a mere transcript of the printed copy of *Wynkyn de Worde*.

This last mentioned edition, of which only one copy is known to exist (that preserved in the Public Library

of the University of Cambridge), in the one from which Ritson has printed the ballad in his "Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry." Another unique edition, printed by Edwarde Alde in the Poultry, is preserved in the Bodleian Library. A black letter copy, we do not know if it were a different edition from either of these, was in the possession of Anthony à Wood. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, Laneham mentions a printed copy of this ballad as being in the possession of Captain Cox, the Coventry collector.

In the following century we know that this ballad was printed in a broad-side. Ritson tells us that "In the Pepys [Pepysian] collection (No. 358) is a modernized copy, in the same stanza, apparently printed in Scotland, about the year 1680, beginning—

"There dwelt a man in my countrie."

Of the ballad in this form, there is a more modern edition printed at Dublin.

The last form which the ballad took, was that of a penny history, where the older form of verse is changed for the commoner ballad measure. I have before me the earliest copy that I know in this form, which was printed in Aldermary Church-yard. The details of the story are not changed, but a *second part* is added to it, in which Jack obtains three other gifts, equally formid-



able, which he uses, without mercy, against every body he comes near. I have seen two different reprints of both parts, exactly similar to the older copies, both printed about 1811.

The story was by no means confined to England. It is still, with some little variation, preserved among the peasantry of Germany, and is as such given in the valuable collection of *Kinder- und Haus-Märchen* of the Grimms, under the title of "*Der Jude im Dorn*," where a Jew takes the place of the Friar. But in a note, the Editors have pointed out two early German dramatic pieces founded upon this story, in which the Monk retains his place. The Musician is there called Dulla, a name which is considered to be allied to Tyll or Dill Eulenspiegel, and the northern word Thulr, facetus, nugator. The tale is also found in a northern dress, under the title of "*Herrauds ok Bosa Saga*."

My chief inducement to print this ballad from the Cambridge manuscript, when the printed copy of *Wynkyn de Worde* is so much more correct and intelligible, was, as I have before hinted, the curious dialect in which it is written. I suspect it was the dialect of Shropshire, or of some adjacent county, from the use of *w* before words commencing with *o*, and *y* before those commencing with *e*. Thus they say at this day *wok*, for *oke*, *wullard*, for *owlard* (a young owl), &c. and, if I re-

member right, *yessy* for *easy*, &c. Moreover, I suspect that the word *afforst* for *a-thirst*, is distinctive of the old dialect of the Welsh marches, for the beautiful manuscript of *Piers Plowman*, in Trinity College Library (Cambridge), which contains this word, bears almost conclusive internal evidence of being written in the purer dialect of that part of the county, though not, like our ballad, in the broad dialect of the illiterate peasantry. The following are the chief characteristics of the dialect of this ballad. The substitution of:—

*e* for *a* ; as in eney.

*ey* for *i* long ; leyffe, bey, heynde, keynde, beyde, deyner, mey, cheylde, peype, leyte, pleyte (plight), teyme, they (thy), seyde.

*e* for *i* short ; lesten, thes, hem, thenke, wes, het, wenne (win), tell, hell, well, (for till, hill, will), begen, en (in).

*oy* for *oo* or *o* long ; soyt, for sothe or soothe.

*o*, *oo*, for *u* ; bot, dorst, pot, poot, corsed, foll, op, onder, trow (true), sopere, os (us).

*oys* for *ose* ; roys, goys.

*u* for *ou* ; ffull (foul), st. xviii.

*ff* for *v* chiefly after a long vowel ; leyffe, wyffes, haffe, gyffe, saffe, geffe, dreyffe, leffe, loffe : so a-foue, for a-vow.

*ff* for *w* ; ffomen (women), st. lxviii. see note.

*w* for *v*, after *o* and *e* ; lowved, lowyd, lowys, hewyl (evil), dewyll, owyrcome, hewyn.

*t* for *th* ; soyt, fforet (forth), trowt (troth), boyt (both).

*th*, with *w* or *y* before it for *ght* ; thowth, bowth, reythe, awth (ought), nowth (nought), bowth, meythe (might), neythe (night), dyth (dight), browth.

*th* for *t* ; methe (meet), bethe (beat), lathe (late), peythe (pity).

*w* for *y* ; bow, bawy (st. xv.), bowye (st. xviii.), for boy. In Shropshire, they now say *bwoy* and *bwau*, for boy.

The insertion of *w*, at the beginning of a word, before *o* ; wolde (old), wother (other), wost (host), wore (our), wonley (only).

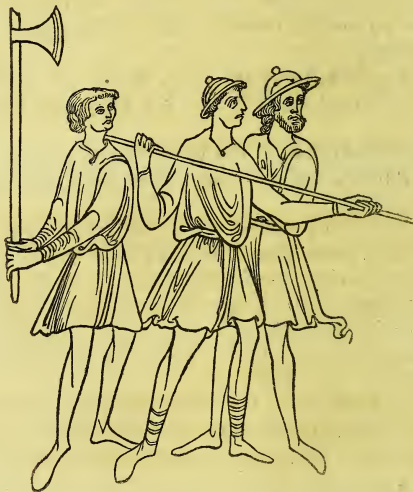
Of *y* before *e* ; yessee, yete, yes (ease), yaver and yever (ever), yeverychone, yether (either), yeke (eke).

I have given the chief variations only of Wynkyn de Worde's copy of the Friar and the Boy, and that from Ritson's edition, principally where they were necessary to explain the errors and to supply the omissions of the rude scribe of the older copy.

Of the wood cuts, the initial B is from MS. Harl. No. 2895 of the 11th century : it is almost needless to say that its subject is the encounter of David and Goliath. The cut at the end of this preface is from a Latin Bestiary of the 12th century, in the Public Library, Cam-

bridge, and that at the end of the notes is from the Missal in Trin Coll. lib. mentioned in the Preface to the Tournament of Tottenham.

THOMAS WRIGHT.



Off talys and trifulles many man tellys /  
 Summe byn trew / and sum byn ellis /  
 A man may dyse forth the day / that long tyme  
 dwellis /

With harpyng and pyping and othez meze spellis /  
 With gle and with gamme.

Off a parson ze mowe here /  
 In case that hit soth were /  
 And of his brother that was hym deze /  
 And louyd well samme.

The ton was his fadyrs eyre of hows and of lande /  
 The tother was a parson / as I vnderstande /  
 A riche man wer he and a gode husbande /  
 And knowen for a gode clerke thoro goddis  
 sande /

And wyse was holde.  
 The tother hade litull thozt /  
 Off husbandry cowth he nozt /  
 But alle his wybes will he wrozt /

\* \* \*

A febull husbande was he on / as many a on lybe /  
 Alle his wybes hiddyng he did it full rybe /  
 Hit is an olde seid saw / I sweze he seynt Tybe /  
 Hit shal be at the wybes will if the husbonde  
 thryue /

Bothe within and withwte :  
 A wyfe that has an ybell tach /  
 Ther of the husbond shalle haue a smache /  
 But zif he loke well abowte.

Off that zong gentil man was a gret disele /  
 After a zere oꝝ two his wyfe he myzt not pleese /  
 Mycul of his lande lay to the preefts ese /  
 Eche tauzt hym euez among how the katte did  
 snele

Rizt at his owne wille.  
 He that hade bene a lorde  
 Was nouthez at bedde ne at borde /  
 He durst onys speke a worde /  
 When she hade be stille.

Litull of husbondry the gode man con thynke /  
 And his wyfe loupd well gode mete and gode  
 drynke /

She wolde nouthere theefore swete ne swynke /  
 But when the baly was full lye downe and wynke /  
 And rest his neder ende.

Soo long this life thei ladde /  
 That spende was that thei hadde /  
 The wise his husbonde hadde  
 Belyfe forth to wende.

To the parson thi broder that is so rich a wretch /  
 And pray hym of thi sorow sum del he wold  
 flech /

ffourty pound of oz fyfty loke of hym thu fech /  
 So that thu hit bryng litull will I rech /  
 Reuer for to white.

To his brother forth he went /  
 And mycull money to hym he lent /  
 And also sone hit was spent /  
 Therof they hade but lyte.



Micull money of his brother he sette /  
 Ffor alle that he brozt he seyd neuer the bette /  
 The parson wer wey / and thouzt he wolde hym  
 lette /

And he faye long thus he fallis in my dette /

And zet he may not the :

Betwene hym and his wife / I wyffe /

A drawzt thez is drawen amysse /

I will wete / soo haue I blisse /

How that hit myzt be.

Zet on a day afterwarde to the parson he zede /

To borow mone / and he ne myzt spede :

Brother / quod the parson / thu takis litull hede

How thu fallis in my dett / thez-of is all my

drede /

And zet thu may not the /

Perdy / thu was my faders eyre /

Off howse and londe / that was so feyre /

And euez thou lybes in dispayre /

What deuoll / how may this be ?



I ne wot how it fazis / but euer I am be-hynde /  
 For to liffe manly hit come me be kynde /  
 I shall truly sey what I thynke in my mynde.

The parson seyde / thou me telle.  
 Brother / he seid / he seynt Albon /  
 Hit is a preest men callis sir Iohn /  
 Sich a felow know I non /  
 Off felawes be berys the bell.

Hym gode and curtesse I fynde euer moo /  
 He harpps and gytyns and syngs wel ther-too /  
 He wrestels and lepis and casts the ston also.  
 Brother / quod the parson / belife hame thou goo /  
 So as I the say /

Zif thou myzt with any gynne  
 The bestell owt of the chaumber wyne /  
 The same that thei make water in /  
 And bryng it me I the pray.

Brother / he seid blithly / thi wil shal be wrozt :  
 It is a rownde basyn / I have hit in my thozt.  
 As priuely as thu may / that hit be hider brouzt /  
 Hye the fast on thi way / loke thu tary nozt /

And come agayne anone.

Hamwards con he ride /  
 Ther no longer wolde he hyde /  
 And then his wise began to chyde /  
 Because he come so sone.

He hent vp the basyn / and forth can he fare /  
 Till he came to his brother wolde he not spare.  
 The parson toke the basyn / and to his chaumber  
 it bare /

And a priue experiment sone he wroght thare /  
 And to his brother he seyde ful blithe /  
 Loke thu where the basyn sette /  
 And in that place thu hit sett /  
 And than / he seid / with-owtyn lette /  
 Come agayne right swythe.

He toke the basyn / and forth [he] went /  
 When his wife hym saw / hir browes she up  
 hent :

Why haste thi brother so sone the home sent ?  
 Hit myȝt neuer be for gode / I know it verament /  
 That thu comes home so swythe.

Ray / he seid / my swetyng /  
 I moſte take a litull thyng /  
 And to my brother I mot hit bryng /  
 Ffor sum it ſhall make blithe.

In to his chaumber priuely went he that tyde /  
 And sett downe the basyn be the bedde ſide /  
 He toke his lebe at his wyfe / and forth can he ride.  
 She was glad that he wente / and bade hym  
 not abyde :

Hir hert began to glade.  
 She anone / riȝt thoo /  
 Slew a capon or twoo /  
 And other gode mete theȝ-too  
 Haſtely ſhe made.

When alle thyng was redy/ he sent after sir John/  
Priuely/ at a posterne gate/ as still as any ston:  
They eton and dronken as thei were wonte to  
done /

Till that thaim list to hedde for to gon /

Softly and stille.

Within a litull while sir John con wake /

And nedis water he most make /

He wist wher he shulde the basyn take /

Rizt at his owne wille.

He toke the basyn to make water in /

He myzt not get his hondis away all this worde  
to wyn /

His handis fro the basyn myzt he not twyn.

Alas/ seid sir John/ how shall I now begynne ?

Here is sum wyche crafte.

FFaste the basyn con he holde /

And all his body tremeld for colde /

Leuer then a c pounde he wolde

That hit were fro hym raste.

Ryzt as a chapman shulde sell his ware /  
 The basyn in the chaumber betwix his hondis  
 he bare :

The wyfe was agrebyd he stode so long thare /  
 And askid why so / hit was a nyce faze

So stille they to stonde.

What / woman / he seid / in gode say /

Thy must helpe / gif thou may /

That this basyn were away /

Hit will not fro my honde.

Upstert the godewyfe / for no thyng wolde she [lette /  
 And bothe hir hondis on the basyn she sette /  
 Thus sone were thai bothe fast / and he neuer  
 the bette. [i-mette

Hit was a mysse felishippe a man to haue

Be day or be nyzt.

They began clepe and crye

To a wenche that lay thame bye /

That she shulde come on hye

To helpe / zif she myzt.

xi

Upstert the wench / er she was halfe waked /  
And ran to her maistris all baly naked ;  
Alas / seid hir maistris / who hase this sorow  
    maked ?                     [were slayked :  
Helpe this balyn were away / that oure sorow  
    Here is a soyr chaunce.  
To the balyn the wenche she caste /  
Ffor to helpe had she caste /  
Thus were they sone alle thre caste :  
    Hit was a nyce daunce.

Ther thei dauntyd all the nyzt till the son con  
 ryse / [gise /  
 The clerke rang the day-bell / as hit was his  
 He knew his maisters counsell and his tre . . ise /  
 He thozt he was to long to sey his scruple /  
 His matyns be the morow.  
 Softly and stille thider he zede /  
 When he come thider he toke gode hede /  
 How that his master was in grett drede /  
 And brought in gret sorow.

Anon as sir John can se / he began to call :  
 Be that worde thei come down in-to the hall /  
 Why goo ze soo ? quod the clerke / hit is shame  
 for you alle /

Why goo ze so nakyd ? foule mot yow falle :

The basyn shalle yow froo.  
 To the basyn he made a brayde /  
 And bothe his hondis thereon he leyde /  
 The furst worde that the clerke seyde /  
 Alas / what shall I doo.

The carter fro the halle-dure erth can he throw /  
 With a sheuell in his hande / to make it clene / I  
 trowe /

When he saw thaym go rounde vpon a row /  
 He wende hit hade bene folis of the fayr / he  
 told hit in his saw /

He seide he wolde assay / I wyffe.  
 Unneth he durst go in for fere /  
 Alle / saue the clerke / nakyd were :  
 When he saw the wench go there /  
 Hym thozt hit went amysse.



The wenche was his speciall / that hoppid on  
the rowte.

Lette go the basyn / or thu shalle haue a clowte :  
He hit the wench with a shevell aboute on the  
rowte / [dowte /

The shevyll sticked there fast / withowte any  
And he hengett on the ende.

The carter / with a lory chaunce /  
Among thaim alle he led the dawnce /  
In Englonde / Scotland / ne in Fraunce /  
A man shulde non sich fynde.

The godeman and the parson come in that  
Alle that fayre feliship dawnsyng thei founde /  
The gode man seid to sir John / he cocks swete  
wounde /

Thu shalle lese thine harnesse / or a c ponde /  
Truly thu shalle not chese.

Sir John seid / in gode fay /  
Helpe this basyn were away /  
And that mone will I pay /  
E? I this haynes lese.



The payson charmyd the basyn / that it fell thaini  
fyo /

Euery man then hastely on thaire wey can goo :  
The preest went out of contre / for shame he  
hade thoo :

And then thai leuyd thaire lewtnesse / and did  
no more soo /

But wer wyse and waze.

Thus the godeman and his wyfe  
Leuyd togeder with-owt stryfe :

Mary / for hir ioyes fyfe /  
Shelde vs alle fro care.

THE FREKE AND THE BOY.

- i GOD that deyde ffor vs all /  
And dranke ayell and gall /  
Kepe yow owte of blame /  
And grant them good leyffe and long  
That wyl lesten to longe /  
And tent to my talke.
- ii Ther was a man in thes contre /  
That had wyffes thre /  
Be proleys of tyme :  
Bey the first wyffe a sone he had  
That was a hapey ladde /  
And a partey heynde /  
Corteyns he was and keynde.
- iii Hes ffather lowued hem well /  
Bot hes step-dame neuer a dell /  
I tell yow as y thenke :  
Sche thowth lost / be the rode /  
That dydde the boye eney gode /  
Ayder met or dreyneke.

iv And yet for loyt that was hadde /  
Not halffe ynowh thezof he hadde /  
Oft he was afforst.  
Hes dame / he wyl mot sche ffare /  
Ofte sche ded the boy care /  
As fter as sche dozt.

v To her hufbond gan sche fay /  
Poot the bow away /  
That thow halt here :  
I wes het ys a corfed lade /  
¶ Wolde som man hem hade /  
That wolde hem better chayfkyfe.

vi Than be-spake the god man /  
For loyt / he leyde / dam /  
He ys yong of age :  
He schall beyde with me thes they yere /  
Tell he be of more powyere /  
To wenne better wages.

vii We hafte a man / a gret ffreke /  
That ys yn felde / kepys oure net /  
He fleppys all the day :  
He schall com home / so God me fhelde /  
And the boy schall go ynto the ffelde /  
To kepe the bestes there.

viii The weyfe leyde / bezeiment /  
Sere / therto y asent /  
¶ holde het he the best.  
On the morow / whan het was day /  
The leytell boy toke the wey  
To the ffelde foll prest.

ix Upon hes scholdere he cast hes stafte /  
Off no man he ne careASSE /  
All glad he was ynow :  
Fforet he went / the loyt to say /  
Tell he cam on a playne /  
Hes deyner fforet he bare.

x When he het saw / het was bade /  
Leytell gey thereof he hade /  
And pot het op anon :  
He leyde / mey dame lowys me not /  
Be God that me dere bowth /  
Thes ys a bare bane.

xi Upon a hell he hem set /  
An wolde man with hem met /  
Com ower walkyng be the wey.  
Good spede / god sone / the loyt to say :  
And he leyde / welcome / he mey ffey.

xii The wolde man seyde / I hunger sore /  
Hast thou oney mett yn store /  
Ffor to gyffe me ?  
The cheylde seyde / so God me lasse /  
Thow schalt haue soche as y haue /  
Wellcom schall ye be.

xiii The wolde man was gladde /  
And than toke soche as he hadde /  
And made hem ryght mery.  
The wolde wan was yessye to please /  
He yete and made hem well at yess /  
He seyde / son / godamarye /

xiv Ffor they met that thou hast geffe me /  
I schall geffe the yestes thre /  
Thow schalte hem not forgette.  
The howe seyde / het ys best / y trow /  
Ffor me to haue a howe.  
At herdes ffor to schete.

xv When the hawy the howe bent /  
And the arowys onder the belt /  
Thezeof he lawe lowde :  
He seyde / had y now a peppe /  
And het were neuer so lepte /  
Then were y reythe mery.

xvi A peype schall thow hafe also /  
Of trow not schall het goe /  
I doe the owte of dowte :  
All that schall the peype here  
Schall not them stere /  
Bot lepe and dans abowte.

xvii What schall the thothe be ?  
Gyftes y schall geve the threy /  
As y seyde before.  
The how lowhe lowde /  
And seyde / syr / y hafe ynowe /

xviii The wolde man seyde / I the pleyte /  
Thow shalt hafe that I the hepte :  
Sey on and nou let se.  
The howye seyde than /  
In fleythe I hadde a stepdame /  
Sche fares full with me.

xix When mey ffather geffe me awth /  
Be God that me dere bowth /  
Sche fares yn mey fface :  
What teyme sche lokys so /  
¶ welde sche scholde let a blast go /  
That meythe rynges all the plas.

xx The wolde man sey to hem tho /  
When sche lokys on the so  
Sche schall begen to blowe :  
All that may her here  
Schall not hemselffe steze /  
Bot dans on a rowe.

xxi Ffarewell / seyde the wolde man.  
Ffarewell / seyde the cheylde a-geyn /  
I thanke mey leyste of goode of the :  
God / that ys most of meythe /  
Saffe the / howe / be the day and the neythe.  
Godamarley / seyde the howe.

xxii Then he drowe towarde the neythe /  
Homard he went reythe /  
As was hes ordenans :  
He toke hes peype and began to blowe /  
And all hes bestes on a rowe  
Ahowte hem gon dance.

xxiii Thos went he ppyng thorow the towyn /  
Hes bestes ffolowed hem bey the sowne /  
\* \* \*  
When he had pot hem bp yeuerychone /  
He went hom lone anon /  
Unto the hall he dyd goe.

xxv Hys ffather at copere satte /  
The leytell how lpyed well that /  
And leyed to hem non.  
He leyde / ffather / God the spede /  
All yowre bellys y hadde hem browte.  
A capons lege he toke hem then.

xxv That greued hys dames hert care  
\* \* \*

And stared en hys fface.  
And anon sche let a blast /  
That all the compeney were a-gast /  
That were yn that plays.

xxvi All they lowhe and hade god game /  
The weyfe weppyd ffor schame /  
And welde he a-wey gone.  
The boy leyde / wyll yow wyt /  
Thes gonne was well schot /  
And het had beyn a fton.

xxvii Corledley sche lokyd on hem tho /  
Another blast sche let goo  
Sche was not well nortered.  
The boy leyde / well yow se  
How mey dame can let a pelet fle.



xxviii All they lowe and had god game.  
The weyffe went away ffor schame /  
Sche was foll of lchorow.  
The god man seyde / dam / go they wey /  
Ffor I sey / be mey ffeye /  
They gere ys not all to borow.

xxix Afterwerde / as ye may here /  
To the howse com a ffreyre /  
To ley there all nyethe.  
The weyffe lowyd hem as a seynt /  
Anon to hem sche made complaynt /  
And tolde hem all a-rythe.

xxx We hafte a bowe yn the howse /  
A corled cnaffe ffor the nonys /  
He deys me mekyl care :  
¶ dar nat loke hem vpon /  
¶ am alschamed / he sent John /  
To tell yow how y ffare.

xxxi Methe hem yn the ffelde to-morow /  
Bet hem and do hem sorow /  
And make the boy lame.  
Quod the ffreyre / I schall hem methen.  
Sche preyde hem not forgeyt /  
Do the boy schame.

xxvii If they the boys a coyled beche :  
If halde the boy a weche /  
He greues me so sore. [methe /  
Quod the freyre / and I may the boy  
I well hem bethe bake and seyde /  
Tost me neuer more.

xxviii The cheylde on the morow roys /  
And to the ffelde lone he goys /  
Hes bestes ffor to dreyffe.  
The ffreyre leppyd owt at the zatt /  
He wende to com to lathe /  
And ran fforthe and bleythe.

xxvix When he cam vpon a lond /  
Leytell Geynkyn there he ffonde /  
Kepyng hes bestes echone :  
Boy / he seyde / God geffe the schame /  
What hast thou do to they dame ?  
Tell thou me anon :

xxx Boi thou can al kowse the /  
Thou schalt a-bey / y till the /  
No leenger y well a-byde.  
Take he seyde / ffreyre / what heylde the ?  
Hey dame fares as well as thou /  
And that ys gret pethe /  
What heyldes the to cheyde ?

xxxi The how seyde / well yow wet  
How y can the herdys schete /  
And othez thynges allso ?  
Wondyr leytill berde that thu seyst set /  
I schall her schett /  
And geft her the.

xxxbii The berde satte on a breyre :  
Schet on / quod the ffreyre /  
That wolde y ffayne se.  
He het the berde on the hede /  
That sche ffell down dede /  
No fforther meythe sche mee.

xxxbiii The ffreyre ynto the bosches went /  
Up the berde ffor to hent /  
Hem thowt het was well doyn :  
The boy cast away hes howe  
Wheytley anon / as I trowe /  
And toke hes pype anon.

xxxi As sone as the ffreyre the pype herde /  
As a mad man he ferd /  
He began to lepe and dang abowth.  
Among the buschys smale and gret  
The ffirere fast gan leppe /

\*

\*

\*

xl The bryres scrat hem yn the ffays /  
And yn maney an wother plays /  
That fast he gan to blede:  
He rent hes clothes bey and bey /  
Hes cope and hes scapularey /  
And all hes wother wede.

xli The boy lowhe and blew amonge /  
The ffeyre lepyd yn the bosches yups :  
A hoppyd wonderley hey.  
The boy leyde / and lowhe withall /  
Thes ys a sport repall  
For a lord to ley.

xlii Atthe last the ffeyre leffyd op hys honde /  
A leyde / y hafte danfed here all to lange.  
I prey the / holde the stell /  
Here mey trowt y pleyt the  
Thow schalt not hafte no harme ffor me.  
Then leyde the boy anon /  
Crepe owte at the ffeyther leyde /  
Weytley that thow were gon.

xliii The ffeyre owte off the bosches went  
All to-ragyde / all to-rent /  
Toren on euery leyde :  
Unneyes had he a cloyt

ffor to wrap hes prebeyte /  
Hes harneys ffor to heyde.

xliv All that dyd the ffreyre se /  
Were ffayne ffor to fle /  
They went he had he wod.

xlv When he cam to hes wost /  
Oft hes gorney he made no bost /  
To gret nother to smale.  
Noche sorow yn hert he hade /  
Euery man of hem was drade /  
When he cam yn to the hall.

xlvi The weyffe seyde / ffreyre / where halt  
thow heyn?

In corled plas so thenkyt me /  
Lekeley he thyne araye.  
Dame / y cum ffraun they son /  
The dewyll hemselffe owoycom /  
ffor no man hem may.

xlviij With that cam yn the god man /  
The weyffe seyde to hem than /  
Here ys a ffolle araye :  
They son / that ys leffe and dere /  
Haet almost flayn owre holey ffreyre /  
Alas / sche seyde / and welawey.

xlviij The god man seyde / benedicite /  
What hays the boy do to the ?  
Tell me withowt let.  
Syz / seyde the ffreyre / euyll mot he spede /  
He made me dans / magre mey hedd /  
In the breyres and bysches / with  
Way a-bowte.

clix The god man seyde to hem tho /  
Thow meytys a be sclayen so /  
That had byn gret sen.  
Ser / seyde the ffreyre / he wore ladey /  
Hes pype went so mezeley /  
That y cowd neuer blen.

l When het drow toward neythe /  
The boy gan hom hem dyth /  
As het was hes wone.  
When he cam ynto the hall /  
Hes ffather can hem call /  
And seyde / com hether son :

li What hast thow do to the ffreyre ?  
Tell me withowte lesyng.  
Ffather / he seyde / yn god ffaye /  
I dyd no thyng to hem to-day /  
Bot pyppd to hem a spreng.

lii That pype / quod the god man / wold y  
here.

God fforffend / quod the ffreyre :

That ys an euyl tythyng.

Gys / quod the god man / by Godys gras.

The ffreyre creyed / owt and alas /

And hes handys ded wreyng.

liii ffor Goddys losse / quod the ffreyre /

And ye well the pype here /

Bynde me to a post :

ffor now y can non other redde /

Bot and y dang / y am bot dedde /

My leyfe y schall lose.

lii Strong ropes they hent yn hande /

The ffreyre on-tell a post they bond /

Yn medward of the hall.

All that at the soper latte

Lowhe and had god game att /

And seyde / the ffreyre schall not fall:

lv And seyde / pype on / god son /

When that pauer thow welt.

ffather / he seyde / so mot y the /

We schall hafte gret plente.



lvi Anon as yeuere the pype went /  
There [n]as on that stell stode /  
Bot then abowt they lepyd :  
All that dyd the pype here  
Cowd not themselffe stere.

lvii The god man stod in no dyspyre /  
But weytheley ros fro hes lopere /  
With ryght a god chere.  
Som lepyd owyr the stoke /  
And som stombelyd yn the ffyre.

lviii The good weyffe cam all beheynde /  
And scharpeley gan sche loke /  
When sche loked on her son Jake /  
Weyteley her tayle spake /  
And the weynd began to crake.

lix The ffyre was almost dede /  
He croked hes hed agens the post /  
He had none other gras :  
The roppys wrong hem by the sken /  
That the blod downe het ran  
In maney a deyuars plas.

lx The botwe ppyd ynto the strete /  
They lepyd after / all the hepe /  
Ther nas nat on cowed stent :



They ran owt of the dor so theke /  
That yether fell yn others neke /  
So weyteley they trepyd.

lxi Ther neyghers that dwellyd there hey /  
In places there they sat /  
They lepyd weyteley ouer the hache /  
So weyteley they were to lepe.

lxii Up they start that het hard /  
Bothe les and peke more :  
They ran weyteley / the soyt to say /  
Vnto the strete they take the wey /  
Som as nakyd as they were bore.

lxiii When they were gedered all abowt /  
There was a gret schowte  
Vn medward of the stret :  
Som were lame and meyt not go /  
And yet they began to dans allso  
On hondeys and on ffeyt.

lxiv The boy seyde / het ys best to rest.  
Hes ffather seyde / y holde het best /  
With a glad chere :  
Seys on / lone / when thou welte /  
Ffor thes is the meryst fest  
That y hard thes seyen eyr.

- lrv Thus whan they had danſed all /  
 Som lowhe and had good game /  
 And ſom had maney a ſkall.  
 Thow ſkals boye / ſeyde the ffreyre /  
 I ſomon the afore the amſeyre.
- lrvī Loke thow be there ffreyday /  
 Myſelffe ſhall mete with the there / and  
 y may /  
 To ſeye they erand be-fforen.  
 Iake ſeyde / y make aſoue /  
 I am as redey as thow /  
 And thow welt go to-morow.
- lrvīī Ffreydaye cam / as ye may here /  
 Boyt Iake and hes ſtepdame and the  
 All iij togedyr met : [ffreyre  
 The pype cam ynto the plas /  
 The officiall was ſet.
- lrvīīī There was moche to do /  
 Waters more than on or to /  
 Boyte with preſt and with clerke :  
 Som had teſtmentes for to preſſe :  
 And ſom ſſomen / be yowr leſſe /  
 Had ſtokys bethekys the legys yn  
 the darke.

lxi Every man pot fforet hes cas :  
Than cam fforet Tapias /  
And Jakys stepdame allso :  
The ffreyre leyde / so mot y the /  
I hadde broyth a boy to the /  
That werket mekyll woo.

lxix He ys a gret negremansar /  
In Horleyans ys not hes pere /  
Bey mey trowth / I trow :  
He ys a weche / quod hes stepdame :  
Than her tayle he weythe  
Lowd began to blow.

lxxi Som lowhe / withoutyn ffayle :  
And som leyde / dam / stop they tayle /  
Thow werests all ames.  
Dam / quod the offeciall /  
Tell forthe they tale /  
Let not ffor all thes.

lxxii The weyfe was fferd of a crake /  
Pat on worde more sche spake /  
Sche derst not ffor drede.  
The ffreyre leyde / so mot y the /  
Boy / thes ys longe of the /  
Euell mot the spede.

lxxiii The ffreyre leyde / fyr offeciall /  
Thes boy well combyre all /  
Bot he be chastyled :  
ffor thes boy hapt a pype  
Well make hes dans genep /  
Tell howre hertes blast.

lxxiv The offeciall leyde / so mote y the /  
That pype well y se :  
He leyde / boy / hes het here ?  
He scer / he mey ffay :  
Anon pype vs a lay /  
And make all chere.

lxxv The offeciall the pype hent /  
And blow tell hes brow hen bent /  
Bot thereof cam no gle.  
The offeciall leyde / this ys nowth /  
Be God that me dere bwthe /  
Het ys not worthe a selo.

lxxvi Be mey ffay / god the ffreyre /  
The boy can make het pype clere /  
¶ hefcro hem for hes mede.  
The offeciall bad the boy alay.  
ffay / god the ffreyre / do that away /  
ffor that y fforbede.

lxxvii Pype on/ god the officiall/ and not spare.

The ffreyre began to stare.

Take hes pype hent.

As sone as Bake began to blow /

All they lepyd on a rowe /

And ronde abowt they went.

lxxviii The officiall had so gret hast /

That boyt hes schenys brast /

Apon a blokys hende.

The clerkys to dans they hem sped /

And som all ther eynke sched /

And som ther bekes rent.

lxxix And som cast ther boky at the wall /

And som ouer ther ffelowys can fall /

So weytley they lepyd.

There was withowt let /

They stombylled on a hepe /

They danced all abowthe.

lxxx And yever the ffreyre creyd owt /

¶ may no lengger dans ffor soyt /

¶ hadde lost halffe mey cod ware

When y danced yn the thornes.

Som to crey they began /

Mey boke ys all to-toren :

Som creyd withowt let /  
And som bad hoo.

lxxxi Som seyde het was a god game /  
And som seyde they were lame /  
¶ may no leynger skeppe :  
Som danked so long /  
Tell they helde owt the towng /  
And anethe meyt hepe.

lxxxi The officiall began to stare /  
And seyde / hadde for they heyre /  
Stent of they lay /  
And holdeley hadde of me  
What thow wilt have for thy gle /  
¶ I shall the reday pay.

lxxxi Then to stend Jake began :  
The officiall was a werey man /  
¶ Hey trowet y-pleyt y the.  
Thes was a god gle /  
And seyde the worst that euer they se /  
¶ For het was nere neyth.

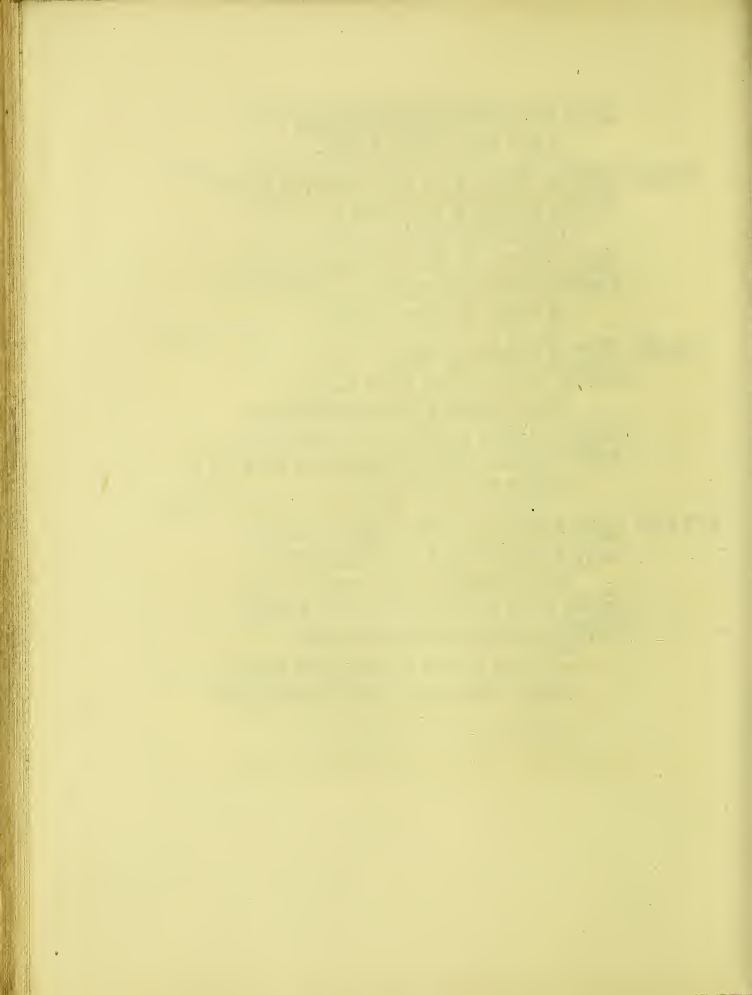
lxxxi Then bespake the officiall /  
And leytlei Jake can call /  
¶ Hes pype he hem hent /  
And gaffe hem xx s /

And euer more hes bleſyng /  
Ffor that merey ſet.

lxxrb When Cake had that money hent /  
Anon homard he went /  
Glad thereof was he :  
And aſter / y onderſtonde /  
He wared a wordeley marchande /  
A man of gret degre.

lxxrbi Hes ſtepdame / y dar ſay /  
Dorſt neuer aſter that day  
Pat wonley ones deſpleſe.  
They lowyd togedyr all thre /  
Hes ffather / hes ſtepdame / and he /  
Aſter yn gret eys.

lxxrbii And that they ded / ſoyt to ſay /  
Tho bewyn they toke the wey /  
Withowtyn eney mes.  
Now God that dyed ffor os all /  
And dranke ayſell and gall /  
Bryng them all to they bleſ /  
That beleuet on the name Jhc.





## NOTES ON THE BASYN.

STANZA I.—Gloss. *byn*, are—*ellis*, otherwise—*spellis*, spells, games—*gle*, music—*gamme*, game—*ze*, ye—*mowe*, may—*here*, hear—*soth*, truth—*hym dere*, dear to him—*samme*, together.

St. II.—Gloss. *the ton*, the one (perhaps a corrupt form derived from the Sax. *that án*)—*eyre*, heir—*wex*, waxed, grew—*thoro*, through—*goddis sande*, God's sending—*holde*, held, considered—*thoxt*, thought—*cowth*, knew—*nozt*, nought—*wrozt*, wrought, did.

St. III.—Gloss. *on*, one—*ryve*, readily—*withwte*, without—*tach*, spot, blemish—*smache*, taste—*but zif*, but if, unless.

St. IV.—Gloss. *zere*, year—*mycull*, much—*nouther*, neither—*borde*, table—*onys*, once.

St. V.—Gloss. *con thynke*, began to think—*swete*, sweat—*swynke*, labour—*baly*, belly—*neder*, nether—*spende*, spent—*belyste*, quickly.

St. VI.—*wrech*, fellow—*sum del*, some part—*slech*, slake, al-lay—*fech*, fetch—*rech*, reck—*white*, know (?)—*lyte*, little.

St. VII. Gloss. *fette*, fetched—*ferd*, fared—*bette*, better—*lette*, stop—*fare*, goes on—*fallis*, falls—*the*, thrive—*wete*, know.

St. VIII.—Gloss. *zet*, yet—*zede*, went—*mone*, money—*nc myzt*, might not—*Perdy*, by God, par Dieu—*eyre*, heir.

St. IX.—Gloss. *ne wot*, know not—*faris*, fares—*liffe*, live—*kynde*, nature—*sey*, say—*be*, by—*sich*, such—*berys*, bears.

St. X.—Gloss. *gode*, good—*curtesse*, courteous—*moo*, more—*harpys*, harps—*gytryns*, plays on the gitern—*lepis*, leaps—*belife*, immediately—*hame*, home—*zif*, if—*gynne*, contrivance—*wynne*, gain.

St. XI.—Gloss. *thozt*, thought, mind—*tary nozt*, tarry nought—*byde*, rest.

St. XII.—Gloss. *hent*, took—*fare*, go—*prive*, secret—*tbe*, an error of the press for *the*—*fette*, fetched—(*thu fette* I suppose it should be)—*with-owtyn lette*, without fail—*swythe*, quick.

St. XIII.—Gloss. *hase*, has—*verament*, truly—*mot*, may—*sum*, some.

St. XIV.—Gloss. *tyde*, time—*at his wife*, of his wife—*can*, began—*glade*, gladden—*rizt thoo*, right then.

St. XV.—Gloss. *ston*, stone—*eton*, eat (pl.)—*dronken*, drank (pl.)—*list*, it pleased—*gon*, to go—*con*, began (this word is thus commonly used as an expletive—*con wake*, i. e. awoke)—*nedis*, needs—*wist*, knew.

St. XVI.—Gloss. *myzt*, might—*worde*, world—*handis*, hands—*fro*, from—*twyn*, separate—*tremeld*, trembled—*lever*, rather—*c*, hundred—*raft*, riven.

St. XVII.—Gloss. *chapman*, merchant, hawker—*agrevyd*, grieved—*thare*, there—*fay*, faith—*gif*, if.

St. XVIII.—Gloss. *upstert*, started up—*lette*, delay—*bette*, better—*mysse*, ill—*felisshippe*, fellowship—*i-mette*, met—*be*, by—*clepe*, call—*hye*, high—*zif*, if.

St. XIX.—Gloss. *er*, before—*baly*, belly (*baly naked*, stark naked)—*maistrys*, mistress—*hase*, has—*slayked*, allayed—*raste*, rushed (?)—*caste*, purposed, intended.

St. XX.—Gloss. *son*, sun—*gise*, manner—*tre . . ise*, ? —*to*, too—*be the morow*, by morning—*thider*, thither—*zede*, went—*grett*, *gret*, great.

St. XXI.—Gloss. *can se*, began to se—*ze*, ye—*foule mot*, foul may—*froo*, from—*brayde*, start—*leyde*, laid—*furst*, first.

St. XXII.—Gloss. *halle-dure*, hall-door—*erth*, earth—*shevell*, shovel—*thaym*, them—*folis*, fools—*saw*, saying—*assay*, try if it were so—*unneth*, scarcely—*fere*, fear—*hym thozt*, it seemed to him.

St. XXIII.—Gloss. *speciall*, sweetheart—*towte*, backside—*hengett*, hung—*non sich*, none such.

St. XXIV.—Gloss. *godeman*. goodman—*stounde*, moment—*feliship*, fellowship—*be cocks wounde*, a corruption of *by God's wounds*—*chese*, choose—*fay*, faith—*mone*, money—*lese*, lose.

St. XXV.—Gloss. *charmyd*, charmed—*thaim fro*, from them—*contre*, country—*thoo*, then—*levyd*, left—*lewtnesse*, lewdness ware, cautious—*levyd*, lived—*ioyes fyfe*, five joys.

L. 8. *ioyes fyfe*. The *five joys* of the Virgin Mary are the subject of a multitude of old English songs and poems.

## NOTES ON THE FRERE AND THE BOY.

St. I.—Gloss. *deyde*, died—*aysell*, vinegar—*leyffe*, life—*lesten*, listen—*tent*, attend.

L. 3, 6. In this ballad, which has been taken down from memory and recitation, the substitution of words of a somewhat similar meaning, for those which had been in the original, has often spoilt the rhyme. Here, for *blame* and *talke*, W. de Worde's copy gives correctly *bale* and *tale*.

The modern copy places the scene of the tale in Lancashire—

“ An honest man in Lancashire,  
Two wives he did enjoy.  
Now by the first it doth appear  
He had a pretty boy,  
With rosy cheeks and curled hair  
His eye-brows something sad,  
And if the truth I do declare,  
He was a pretty lad.”

St. II.—Gloss. *thes*, this—*contre*, country—*wyffes*, wives—*be proseys*, by process—*bey*, by—*hapey*, happy, lucky—*partey*, pretty—*heynde*, lad—*corteys*, courteous—*keynde*, kind.

L. 1. ‘dwelled a husbonde in my c.’ W.

L. 5—7 for these three lines, W. has

“ That was a good sturdy ladde,  
And an happy hyne.”

St. III.—Gloss. *hes*, his—*lowued*, loved—*hem*, him—*bot*, but—*dell*, bit—*y*, I—*thenke*, think—*sche*, she—*thowth*, thought—*be the rode*, by the rood, by the cross—*eney*, any—*ayder*, either—*met*, meat—*dreyнке*, drink.

St. IV.—Gloss. *soyt*, sooth—*ynowh*, enough—*afforst*, thirsty—*hewyl*, evil—*mot*, may—*ded*, caused—*ffer*, far—*dorst*, durst.

L. 3. ‘ but evermore of the worste.’ W.

*afforst*.—A provincial form of *a-thirst*. In *Piers Ploughman* (the MS. of Trin. Coll. Camb. B. 15. 17), the first line of an alliterative couplet is—

“ a-fingred and a-first,”

*i. e.* a-hungred and a-thirst, hungry and thirsty. In the MS. of the *Cursor Mundi* in Trin. Coll. Library, the word *a-first* for *a-thirst* also occurs, as well as in the Harleian copy of the English romance of *Horn*, printed by Ritson, (v. 1115.)—

“ Horn set at grounde,  
Him thohte he wes y-bounde,  
He seide, Quene, so hende,  
To me hydeward thou wende,  
Thou shench us with the vurste,  
The beggares bueth *afurste*.”

Where Ritson, ridiculously enough (because unmeaningly), explains *afurste* by *at first*. In the Cambridge copy, earlier and better than the Harleian, the passage stands thus:—

“ Horn sat upon the grunde,  
Him thuzte he was i-bunde,

g.

He sede, Quen, so hende,  
To me-ward thu wende,  
Thu zef us with the furste,  
The beggeres beoth of *thurste*."

St. V.—Gloss. *poot*, put—*bow*, boy—*wes*, wis, know—*het*, it  
—*corsed lade*, cursed lad—*hem*, him.

In W. this stanza is given as follows :—

‘ The good wyfe to her husbonde gan saye,  
I wolde ye wolde put this boye awaye,  
And that ryght soone in haste ;  
Truly he is a cursed ladde,  
I wolde some other man hym had,  
That wolde hym better chaste.’

St. VI.—Gloss. *god*, good—*soyt*, sothe, truth—*dam*, dame—*beyde*, bide—*thes they*, this three—*tell*, till—*powyere*, power—*wenne*, win, gain.

L. 4. ‘ this yere,’ W.

L. 5. ‘ Tyll he be more strongere,’ W.

St. VII.—Gloss. *haffe*, have—*ffreke*, fellow—*felde*, field—*kepys*, keeps—*net*, cattle—*slepis*, sleeps—*shelde*, shield.

L. 6. ‘ To kepe our beestes yf he may,’ W.

St. VIII.—Gloss. *weyfe*, wife—*sere*, sir—*het*, it—*leytell*, little—*prest*, ready, speedy.

St. IX.—Gloss. *hes*, his—*yaffe*, gave—*ynow*, enough—*fforet*, forth—*deyner*, dinner—*bare*, bore, brought.

‘ Of no man he had no care,  
But sung ‘ hey howe, awaye the mare,’

And made joye ynough ;  
Forth he wente, truly to sayne,  
Tyll he came to the playne,  
Hys dyner forth he drough.' W.

St. X.—Gloss. *bade*, bad—*gey*, joy—*pot*, put—*op*, up—*mey*, my—*lowys*, loves—*bowth*, bought—*thes*, this—*bane*, bone.

St. XI.—Gloss. *hell*, hill—*set*, sat—*an*, a—*wold*, old—*hem*, him—*oyer*, (?)—*be*, by—*good*, God—*god sone*, good son—*be mey ffey*, by my fay, by my faith.

L. 4.        ' Sone, he sayde, God the se !  
Syr, welcome mote ye be,  
The lytell boye gan saye.' W.

St. XII.—Gloss. *wolde*, old—*honger*, hunger—*oney*, any—*mett*, meat—*gyffe*, give—*cheylde*, child—*saffe*, save.

St. XIII.—Gloss. *merey*, merry—*yessee*, easy—*yete*, eat—*yes*, ease—*godamarsey*, God thank you.

St. XIV.—Gloss. *they*, the—*geffe*, given—*geffe*, give—*yestes*, gifts—*thre*, three—*bow*, boy—*berdes*, birds—*schete*, shoot.

St. XV.—Gloss. *bawvy*, boy—*onder*, under—*lawe*, laughed—*peype*, pipe—*leyte*, little—*reythe*, right.

Between the last stanza and this in the edition of W. de Worde we have the following, which seems to have been omitted in the MS. by an oversight.

' A bowe, sone, I shall the gyve  
That shall last the all thy lyve,  
And ever a lyke mete,

Shote therin whan thou good thynke,  
For yf thou shote and wynke,  
The prycke thow shalte hytte.'

L. 1. ' Whan he the bowe in honde felte,' W.

L. 3. ' Lowde than he lough,' W.

L. 6. ' Than were I gladde ynough,' W.

St. XVI.—Gloss. *peype*, pipe—*hafe*, have—*throw not*, true  
note—*doe*, do—*here*, hear—*stere*, stir—*bot*, but.

L. 2. ' true musyke,' W.

St. XVII.—Gloss. *thothe*, third—*gefe*, give—*threy*, three—*lowhe*, laughed.

The sixth line of this stanza, in W. is ' I wyll desyre no more.'

St. XVIII.—Gloss. *pleyte*, plight—*heyte*, named, promised—*sey*, say—*nou*, now—*se*, see—*bowye*, boy—*ffeythe*, faith—*ffull*, foul.

St. XIX.—Gloss. *mey*, my—*geffe*, gives—*awth*, ought, any  
thing—*bowth*, bought—*teyme*, time—*lokys*, looks—*welde*, would  
—*meythe*, might—*plas*, place.

St. XX.—Gloss. *sey*, said—*tho*, then—*begen*, begin—*hem-  
selffe*, themselves—*stere*, stir.

L. 6. ' But laugh on a rowe,' W. erroneously.

St. XXI.—Gloss. *meythe*, might—*saffe*, save—*bowe*, boy—*neythe*, night.

L. 3. ' I take my leve at the,' W.

St. XXII.—Gloss. *he drowe*, it drew—*neythe*, night—*homard*,  
homeward—*reythe*, right—*ordenans*, ordinance—*bestes*, beasts—*gon*, gan, began.



St. XXIII.—Gloss. *thos*, thus—*thorow*, through—*towyn*, town—*sowne*, sound—*yeverychone*, ever each one, every one—*hom*, home.

L. 3. ‘ Into his faders close,’ W.

L. 6. ‘ Into his faders hall he gose,’ W.

St. XXIV.—Gloss. *hes*, his—*sopere*, supper—*non*, for *anon*—*toke*, gave.

In repeating this stanza, two have been clumsily thrown into one. In the more modern copy of W. de Worde, which has been printed from a more correct manuscript, the two are given thus :—

‘ His fader at his souper sat,  
Lytell Jacke espyed well that,  
And sayd to him anone,  
Fader, I haue kepte your nete,  
I praye you gyue me some mete,  
I am an hongred, by Saynt Jhone.

‘ I have sytten metelesse  
All this daye kepynge your beestes,  
My dyner feble it was.  
His fader toke a capons wynges,  
And at the boye he gan it flynge,  
And badde hym ete apace.’

St. XXV.—Gloss. *greued*, grieved—*hert*, heart—*sare*, sore—*en*, in.

L. 2, 3. ‘ As I tolde you before,  
She stared hym in the face.’ W.

L. 6. ‘ It range over all the place.’ W.

St. XXVI.—Gloss. *lowhe*, laughed—*god*, good—*weppyd*,  
þ.

wept—*welde*, would—*wyll*, well—*wyt*, know—*thes*, this—*beyn*,  
been.

L. 2. 'waxed red for.' W. L. 4. 'well I wote.' W. L. 6.  
'as it had.' W.

St. XXVII.—Gloss. *corsedley*, cursedly—*lokyd*, looked—*hem*, him—*tho*, then—*nortored*, nurtured, bred—*well*, will—*mey*, my—*pelet*, pellet—*ffle*, fly.

L. 3. 'She was almoost rente,' W. Where the sixth line  
rhyming to this is, 'In fayth or ever she stynte?'

St. XXVIII.—Gloss. *lowe*, laughed—*foll*, full—*schorow*,  
sorrow—*dam*, dame—*they*, thy—*ffeye*, fay, faith—*gere*, geer.

L. 1, 2. 'The boy sayde unto his dame,  
Tempre thy bombe, he sayd, for shame.' W.

St. XXIX.—Gloss. *ffreyre*, friar—*ley*, lie—*neythe*, night—*lowyd*, loved—*a-reythe*, aright.

St. XXX.—Gloss. *bowe*, boy—*corsed*, cursed—*cnaffe*, knave,  
lad—*nonys*, occasion—*deys*, does—*mekyll*, much—Y, I.

L. 1, 2. 'Wee have a boye within, y wys,  
A shrewe for the nones he is.' W.

St. XXXI.—Gloss. *methe*, meet—*ffelde*, field—*bet*, beat—*forgeyt*, forget.

L. 4. 'I shall hym bete.' W.

L. 6. 'He dooth me moche shame.' W.

St. XXXII.—Gloss. *y ffey*, in faith—*boys*, boy is—*beche*,  
bitch—*halde*, hold—*weche*, witch—*bethe*, beat—*bake*, back—*seyde*, side—*trost*, trust

In W. this stanza is given thus :—

'I trowe the boye be some wytche.'  
Quod the frere, 'I shall hym teche,

Have thou no care;  
I shall hym teche, yf I may.'  
Quod the wyfe, ' I the praye,  
Do hym not spare.'

L. 5. The words should evidently be thus arranged, to preserve the rhyme, " I well hem bake and seyde beth."

St. XXXIII.—Gloss. *cheylde*, child—*roys*, rose—*sone*, soon—*goys*, goes—*hes*, his—*dreyffe*, drive—*leppyd*, leapt—*zatt*, gate—*wende*, weened, thought—*lathe*, late—*fforthe*, forth (fast, W.) *bleythe*, blithe.

St. XXXIV.—Gloss. *Geynkyn*, the diminutive of Jack—*ffonde*, found—*echone*, each one, every one—*geffe*, give.

L. 2. *Geynkyn*. *kyn*, used thus in terminations, is merely a diminutive, and makes the term sometimes one of endearment, sometimes of familiarity, and even of vulgarity, as in the Tournament of Tottenham. Hence *Jack* and *Jenkyn* may be used indiscriminately of the same person. In the Tournament of Tottenham we have *Hawkyn* (i. e. *Halkyn*) for *Henry*, *Tymkyn* for *Timothy*, *Dawkyn* for *David*, *Perkyn* for *Peter*, *Jeynkyn* (as here) for *John*.

L. 3. ' Dryvyng his beestes all alone.' W.

St. XXXV.—Gloss. *bot*, but, unless—*askowse*, excuse—*the*, thee—*a-bey*, make amends—*y till the*, I tell thee—*leenger*, longer—*well*, will—*heylde*, aileth—*pethe*, pity—*heyldes*, ayleth—*cheyde*, chide.

' But yf thou canst excuse the well,  
By my trouth bete the I wyll,  
I will no lenger abyde.'

Quod the boye, ‘ what eyleth the ?  
My dame fareth as well as ye :  
What nedeth ye to chyde ? ’ W.

St. XXXVI.—Gloss. *well*, will—*wet*, know—*berdys*, birds—*schete*, shoot—*allsco*, also—*seyst*, seest—*set*, sitting—*schett*, shoot—*geff*, give.

L. 6. I suppose the scribe has intended to write, “ And geff her the to.” W. has a different rhyme—

‘ And other thyng withall ?  
Syr, he sayd, though I be lyte,  
Yonder byrde wyll I smyte,  
And give her the I shall.’

St. XXXVII.—Gloss. *berde*, bird—*breyre*, briar—*schet*, shoot—*ffreyre*, friar—*ffayne*, fain, gladly—*het*, hit—*hede*, head—*sche*, she—*dede*, dead—*fforther*, further—*meythe*, might—*fflee*, fly.

St. XXXVIII.—Gloss. *bosches*, bushes—*hent*, take—*hem thowt*, him thought, it seemed to him—*doyn*, done—*hes*, his—*wheytle*, truly.

L. 3. ‘ He thought it best for to done.  
Jacke toke his pype and began to blowe,  
Then the frere, as I trowe,  
Began to daunce soone.’ W.

St. XXXIX.—Gloss. *sone*, soon—*dans*, dance—*abowth*, about.

L. 2. ‘ Lyke a wood man.’ W.  
L. 4. ‘ The breres scratched hym in the face,  
And in money an other place,  
That the blode brast out.’ W.

St. XL.—Gloss. *scrat*, scratched—*ffays* face—*wother*, other—*plays*, place—*bey and bey*, by and by—*wede*, weeds, garments.  
W. gives the stanza as follows:—

‘ And tare his clothes by and by,  
His cope and his scapulary,  
And all his other wede.  
He daunced amonge thornes thycke,  
In many places they dyde hym prycke,  
That fast gan he blede.’

St. XLI.—Gloss. *amonge*, (see note to St. I. of the Nut-browne Mayd)—*yuis*, I wis, I know—*a*, he—*hoppyd*, hopped—*wonderley*, wonderfully—*hey*, high—*reyall*, royal.

St. XLII.—Gloss. *leffyd*, lifted—*op*, up—*a*, he—*y*, I—to *lange*, too long—*prey*, pray—*stell*, still—*mey trowt*, my trouth—*pleyt*, plight—*fferther*, further—*seyde*, side—*weytley*, truly.

These two last stanzas are thus printed by Wynkyn de Worde:—

“ Jacke pyped and laughed amonge,  
The frere amonge the thornes was thronge,  
He hopped wunders hye;  
At the last he held up his honde,  
And sayd, ‘ I have daunced so longe,  
That I am lyke to dye.

Gentyll Jacke, holde thy pype styll,  
And my trouth I plyght the tyll,  
I will do the no woo.’

Jacke sayd in that tide,  
‘ Frere, skyppe out on the ferder syde,  
Lygntly that thou were goo.’”

St. XLIII.—Gloss. *bossches*, bushes—*to-ragyde*, torn in rags—*to-rent*, torn to pieces—*toren*, torn—*unneyes*, (for *unnethes*) scarcely—*cloyt*, clout—*preveyte*, privy—*heyde*, hide.

L. 5. 'His bely for to wrappe aboute.' W.

St. XLIV.—Gloss. *went*, thought—*be*, been—*wod*, mad.

W. gives the three first lines of this stanza, which our scribe has omitted:

'The breres had hym scratched so in the face,  
And many an other place,  
He was all to-bledde with blode.'

St. XLV.—Gloss. *wost*, host—*gorney*, journey—*bost*, boast—*nother*, nor—*drade*, frightened.

L. 3. 'His clothes were rente all.' W. A reading much inferior to that of the manuscript.

St. XLVI.—Gloss. *weyfe*, wife, woman—*corsed plas*, cursed place—*thenkyt me*, it seems to me—*lekely*, likely, probably—*ffram*, from—*dewyll*, devil—*owyrcom*, overcome.

L. 2. 'In an evyll place I wene.' W.

L. 4. 'I have ben with thy sone.' W.

St. XLVII.—Gloss. *god man*, good-man—*ffolle*, foul—*leffe*, beloved—*haet*, has—*holey*, holy.

St. XLVIII.—Gloss. *hays*, has—*do*, done—*let*, hindrance, delay—*mot*, may—*dans*, dance—*magre*, maugre, in spite of—*mey hedd*, my head—*breyres*, briars—*bysches*, bushes—*hay a-bowte*, hey about.

L. 6. W. de Worde's edition has here what the rhyme requires, "Amonge the thornes, 'hey go bette.'" Ritson observes thereupon, "The name, it is probable, of some old dance. To 'dance hey go mad,' is still a common expression in the north."

Our copy has evidently been taken from the recitation of some one in whose part of the country the song 'hey about' was more popular than 'hey go bette.'

St. XLIX.—Gloss. *meytys*, mightest—*a*, have—*be*, been—*sclayen*, slain—*byn*, been—*gret*, great—*sen*, sin—*wore*, our—*ladey*, lady—*merely*, merrily—*cowd*, could—*blen*, desist, stop.

St. L.—Gloss. *het*, it—*drow*, drew—*neythe*, night—*dyth*, dight—*wone*, habitude—*can*, began—*hether*, hither.

L. 2, 3. 'The boye came home full ryght,  
As he was wont to do.' W.

L. 6. 'And badde hym to come hym to.' W.

St. LI.—Gloss. *lesyng*, falsehood—*ffaye*, faith.

W. alone has preserved the first line of this stanza:—'Boye, he sayd, tell me here.'

St. LII.—Gloss. *fforffend*, forbid, ward off—*tythyng*, tiding—*gys*, yes—*gras*, grace—*creyed*, cryed—*ded*, did—*wreyng*, wring.

St. LIII.—Gloss. *lofffe*, love—*well*, will—*here*, hear—*can*, know—*redde*, advice, counsel—*bot and*, unless—*bot*, but—*leyfe*, life.

L. 6. 'Well I wote my lyfe is lost.' W.

St. LIV.—Gloss. *hent*, took—*on-tell*, unto—*medward*, midst—*soper*, supper—*lowhe*, laughed—*att*, for *ther-att*.

St. LV.—Gloss. *yaver*, ever—*welt*, wilt—*mot y the*, may I thrive—*gret plente*, great plenty.

This stanza, which here has been so mangled in the recitation, is given as follows by Wynkyn de Worde:—

‘ Than sayd the good man,  
Pype on good sone,  
    Hardely, whan thou wylle.  
Fader, he sayd, so mote I the,  
Have ye shall y-nough of gle,  
    Tyll ye bydde me be styll.”

St. LVI.—Gloss. *yever*, ever—*nas*, was not (ne was)—*on*, one  
*stell*, still—*stere*, stir.

“ As soon as Jacke the pype hent,  
All that there were verament,  
    Began to daunce and lepe :  
Whan they gan the pype here,  
They myght not themselfe stere,  
    But hurled on an hepe.” W.

St. LVII.—Gloss. *stod*, stood—*dyspyre*, despair—*ros*, rose—  
*ffro*, from—*ower*, over—*stombelyd*, stumbled—*ffeyre*, fire.

“ The good man was in no dyspayre,  
But lyghtly lepte out of his chayre,  
    All with a good chere ;  
Some lepte over the stocke,  
Some stombled at the blocke,  
    And some fell flatte in the fyre.’

St. LVIII.—Gloss. *beheynde*, behind—*weynd*, wind—*crake*,  
crack.

‘ The good man had grete game,  
How they daunced all in same ;  
    The good wyfe after gan steppe,  
Evermore she kest her eye at Jacke,  
And fast her tayle began to cracke,  
    Lowder than they coude speke.’ W.



St. LIX.—Gloss. *croked*, twisted (?)—*hed*, head—*agens*, against—*gras*, grace—*ropys*, ropes—*wrong*, wrung—*sken*, skin—*deyvars plas*, divers place.

L. 1. 'The frere hymselfe was almoost lost, For knock-ynge.' W.

L. 4. 'Rubbed hym under the chynne.' W.

St. LX.—Gloss. *bowe*, boy—*nas nat*, ne was not—*on*, one—*cowed*, could—*stent*, desist—*dor*, door—*theke*, thick—*yether*, either—*yn*, on—*neke*, neck—*weytely*, cleverly—*trepdyd*, tripped.

L. 6. 'So pretely out they wente.' W.

St. LXI.—Gloss. *neybers*, neighbours—*bey*, by—*hache*, hatch.

'Neyghbours that were fast by,  
Herde the pype go so meryly,  
They ranne into the gate;  
Some lepte over the hatche,  
They had no time to draw the latche,  
They wende they had come to late.' W.

St. LXII.—Gloss. *hard*, heard—*yeke*, eke, also—*soyt*, sooth.

'Some laye in theyr bedde,  
And helde up theyr hede,  
Anone they were waked :  
Some sterte in the waye,  
Truly as I you saye,  
Stark bely naked.' W.

St. LXIII.—Gloss. *gedered*, gathered—*medward*, midst—*meyt*, might—*hondeys*, hand—*ffeyt*, feet.

L. 2. 'I wys there was a grete route, Dauncynge in the.' W.

St. LXIV.—Gloss. *seys*, cease—*welte*, wilt—*meryst*, merriest—*fest*, feast ('fytte,' W.)—*seyen*, seven—*eyr*, year.

St. LXV.—Gloss. *ffals*, false—*somon*, summon—*affore*, before.

L. 1. ‘They daunced all in same,’ W. which gives the last two lines thus:—

‘Here I somon the that thou appere  
Before the officyall.’

St. LXVI.—Gloss. *ffreyday*, Friday—*meyselffe*, myself—*sey*, say, tell—*be-fforen*, before—*afoue*, avow—*welt*, wilt.

L. 3. ‘For to ordeyne the sorowe.’ W.

St. LXVII.—Gloss. *boyt*, both—*plas*, place—*offeciall*, official.

L. 2. ‘Jackes stepdame and the frere  
Togeder there they mette;  
Folke gadered a grete pase,  
To here every mannes case.’ W.

St. LXVIII.—Gloss. *moche*, much—*maters*, matters—*on*, one—*boyte*, both—*prest*, priest—*testmentes*, testaments—*preffe*, prove—*ffomen*, women—*leffe*, leave—*bethekys*, betwixt—*legys*, legs.

L. 5. *ffomen*. This change of *w* for *f* is very curious: but I have noticed a similar exchange of letters at an earlier period in the following passage of a semi-Saxon herbal and medical treatise of the end of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century, (MS. Harl. No. 6258 B, fol. 82 v<sup>o</sup>). It informs us of the medical virtues of the flesh, head, eye, and milk of the wolf.

“*Medicina Lupo.*

“Wið deofol scocnesse and wið yfele ge-sihþe. *fulfes* flæsc. wel ge-tawod and ge-soden syle etan. þam þe þearf sy. þa scinlac þa hym ær ætiwdan. ne ge-un-stillaþ hý hine. To slæpe. *fulfes* heafod lege under þane pule. se un-hala slæped. fah hræt on weg

to done. ge-nim *fulfes* sý yrþre eage. and hýt to-sting. and wryþe to þan eagon. hit ge-wanaþ þer sar. gif hýt gelomelice þar mid ge-smýred býð. Se wifman þat habbæ dead bearn on innoþe. gif heo drinced *fulfune* meoluc mid wine ge-menged. ge-lice efne sona hýt haleð.

The literature of the period of the breaking up of the Saxon, that is from the middle of the twelfth to the middle of the thirteenth century, deserves, for the sake of the language, more attention than has been hitherto given to it. I hope soon to see published the first volume of Sir Frederick Madden's *Layamon*, which will furnish abundant materials for the poetry of that period; there exists in manuscript an immense mass of materials for the prose.

St. LXIX.—Gloss. *pot*, put—*fforet*, forth—*hes cas*, his case—*browth*, brought—*werket*, works—*mekyll*, much.

L. 2. 'Frere Topyas.' W.

L. 4. 'Syr officiall, sayd he.' W.

St. LXX.—Gloss. *negremansar*, necromancer—*Horleyans*, Orleans—*wech*, witch—*be weythe*, by truth.

L. 4. 'He is a wytche, quod the wyfe:

Than, as I shall tell you blythe,

Lowde coude she blowe.' W.

The rhymes *wyfe* and *blythe* here, are not much better than *stepdame* and *weythe*, but in the earlier popular poetry *f* and *th* were allowed to rhyme together, as also *nd* and *ng* and some others.

St. LXXI.—Gloss. *ffayle*, fail—*werecs*, works—*ames*, amiss—*let*, desist.

St. LXXII.—Gloss. *fferd*, afraid—*crake*, crack—*derst*, durst—*longe*, on account of—*mot*, may.

St. LXXIII.—Gloss. *combyre*, encumber, confuse—*but*, unless—*hayt*, has—*dans*, dance—*genep*, —*howre*, our.

L. 3. ‘But yf ye may him chaste;

Syr, he hath a pype truly,  
Wyll make you daunce and lepe on hye.’ W.

St. LXXIV.—Gloss. *hes*, hast—*het* it—*ye*, yea—*scer*, sir.

After this stanza, Wynkyn de Worde’s copy differs entirely from the MS. and ends very briefly—

‘The offycyall sayd, so mot I the,  
That pyye wolde I fayne se,  
And knowe what myrth that he can make.  
Mary, God forbede, than sayd the frere,  
That he sholde pype here,  
Afore that I hens the way take.

Pype on, Jacke, sayd the offycyall,  
I wyll here now how thou canst playe.  
Jacke blewe up, the sothe to saye,  
And made them soone to daunce all  
The offycyall lepte over the deske,  
And daunced aboute wonder faste,

Tyll bothe his shynnes he all to brest,  
Hym thought it was not of the best;  
Then cryed he unto the chylde,  
To pype no more within this place,  
But to holde styll, for Goddes grace,  
And for the love of Mary mylde.

Than sayd Jacke to them echone,  
If ye wolde me graunte with herte fre,

That he shall do me no vylany,  
Bot hens to departe even as I come.

Therto they answered all anone,  
And promysed him anone ryght,  
In his quarell for to fyght,  
And defende hym from his fone.

Thus they departed in that tyde,  
The offycyall and the sompnere,  
His stepdame and the frere,  
With great joye and moche pryde.'

St. LXXV.—Gloss. *hent*, took—*blow*, blew—*tell*, till—*hen*, in (!)—*gle*, music—*nowth*, nought—*bwthe*, bought—*sclo*, sloe.

St. LXXVI.—Gloss. *god*, quod, said—*bescro*, beshrew—*mede*, reward—*asay*, assay, try.

St. LXXVII. Gloss. *not spare*, spare not—*hent*, took—*sone*, soon—*Gake*, Jack—*ronde*, round.

St. LXXVIII.—Gloss. *hast*, haste—*boyt*, both—*schenys*, shins—*brast*, burst, broke—*apon*, upon—*blokys*, blocks—*hende*, end—*eynke*, ink—*shed*, shed, 'spilled—*bekes*, books.

St. LXXIX.—Gloss. *boky*[s] books—*ffelowys*, fellows, companions—*can*, began—*abowthe*, about.

St. LXXX.—Gloss. *yever*, ever—*lengger*, longer—*soyt*, sooth—*crey*, cry—*to-toren*, torn to pieces.

St. LXXXI.—Gloss. *skeppe*, skip—*townge*, tongue—*anethe*, scarcely—*meyt*, might—*hepe*, hop.

St. LXXXII.—Gloss. *heyre*, hire—*stent*, desist, stop—*haske*, ask—*welt*, wilt—*gle*, music—*redey*, readily.

S. LXXXIII.—Gloss. *stend*, stop—*werey*, weary—*mey trowet*, my troth—*y-pleyt*, plight—*nere*, near—*neyth*, night.

L. 3. Should evidently be 'mey trowet y the y-pleyt,' to rhyme with the sixth line.

St. LXXXIV.—Gloss. *leytley*, lightly—*ffet*, fit.

St. LXXXV.—Gloss. *homard*, homeward—*wordeley*, rich, worthy.

St. LXXXVI.—Gloss. *dorst*, durst—*nat*, not—*wonley*, only—*desplese*, displease—*lowyd*, lived—*eys*, ease.

St. LXXXVII.—Gloss. *ded*, did—*soyt*, sooth, truth—*tho*, to *hewyn*, heaven—*mes*, miss—*os*, us—*they bles*, thy bliss—*beleuet*, believes.



